

OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN

OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN
When It Is Ready, the Satisfaction Is In
"Eating It All Yourself."

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer of this city, dead long ago, furnished the following formula for preparing and serving terrapin, which was published in a gastronomic journal at the time when he was on earth:

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless th

You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to you and terrapin. Bless you, there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin—you needn't despise it, for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware bay one, or better still, a Long Island one, and there

is just the difference between \$10 dozen and \$36. Warm water kind washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your terrapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when it has got on a full head of steam pop him in. What I am going to give is a recipe for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapins, you can multiply the quantities.

pin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he caves in watch him and try his flippers. When they paralyze when you pry them with your finger nail, he is good. Open him nicely with a knife. Billin of him dislocates the snuffbox. There ain't overmuch of it, so move the pity. The most is in the joints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder just you smash his gall, and then your terrapin

is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly. Now, have in got him or her all into shape, put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggs—you must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a tablespoonful of sifted flour and three tablespoonfuls of cream, salt and pepper (red pepper to a terrapin is just depravity) and two winglasses of sherry. *—The Milwaukee Journal, 1910.*

ry wine. . . wine as costs \$2.00 a bottle ain't a bit too good. There never was gotega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter and put that in a porcelain covered pan and melt it first—mustn't be browned. When it's come to be oily put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Bill

up two or three times does the business.

What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothin' that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a suave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on a chafin dish, and though a man ought not to be selfish there is a kind of divi-

satisfaction in eatin it all yourself."—
Philadelphia Times.

ANCIENT STUTTGART.

**Postal and Traveling Accommodations
the Old German City.**

The post relations of ancient Stuttgart were unpretentious. The two main servants of the postmaster distribute through the city the daily letters, while

they carried in the same basket with the family marketing. Letters were carried out of the city by postillions. There was a number of couriers, and as a surety against mistakes there hung in the post office, beside the curious mail bags, a huge whip, with which, when the commission had been given to the courier, a powerful blow for the strengthening of his memory was dealt him.

cent of any suggestion of comfort—high, clumsy wooden box was secured by thick leathern straps, and in the cavernous bottom were confined together packages and passengers. Up and down hill, over ruts and rocks, the cumbersome vehicle rattled on its way, the hapless travelers being ever on the defensive against the assaults of tumbling boxes and bundles. And then the weary loss of the way. Formerly the journey

from Stuttgart to Tübingen was made in 12 hours. The same journey is now made in four hours. The postilion alighted to take refreshments when it pleased them, and one traveler has left a dismal record of a journey that he once made, during which the driver took the horses from the carriage and attached them to a hay wagon that had been left mired in the mud. The man drove the wagon into the next village

drive the wagon into the next village and when there he joined the grateful neighbors in a carousal, while the tired passengers languished on the dusty country road.—Elise J. Allen in Harper's Magazine.

The Modern Agnostic.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, says H. G. Chap

man in The Atlantic, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheaply, what real prayers rise, and of those that rise do any get above the roof? What God hears them and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? And as we say the words

ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" And if any one is found who believes these things he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not—white or an atom, and these two can have no universe that shall satisfy both—nor can one be poet to the other.

A Great Find.
Lady of the House (to servant girl)

applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away?

Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.

Lady—Ah, then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

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